

The Parrot

By W.O.Z

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As if someone gently rapped, rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

But then, to my surprise, I heard a squawk and saw a parrot perched upon my door.
I asked the bird its name, but all it said was "Nevermore."
I tried to shoo it away, but it refused to leave my door.
It sat there, squawking "Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore."

I asked it if it had a message, but it only squawked "Nevermore."
I asked if it was lost, but it only squawked "Nevermore."
I asked if it needed food, but it only squawked "Nevermore."

I grew frustrated with the parrot's constant squawking of "Nevermore."
I tried to ignore it, but its squawks grew louder and more persistent than before.
I couldn't take it any longer, so I opened the door to shoo it away, but it flew into my room and
perched on a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door. It continued to squawk "Nevermore" as I
tried to reason with it.

But the parrot's message was clear, and it seemed to be a sign of some sort. I couldn't shake the
feeling that it was trying to tell me something important.

As the night wore on, I grew more and more obsessed with the parrot's message. I tried to decipher
its meaning, but it remained a mystery to me.

Finally, as the first light of dawn began to creep into my room, the parrot flew away, leaving me
alone with my thoughts and the lingering echoes of its haunting cry of "Nevermore."

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